

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter. Lesson VI.

May 19. Dan. 1, 8-17.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DATE: B. C. 605-603.

CONTENTS: Kings—Jehoiakim (Jehoiachin), Nebuchadnezzar (Babylon), Cyrus (Media), Pharaoh Necho (Egypt), Prophets—Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezekiel.

CONNECTIONS: Our lesson returns to the days of Jehoiakim, and, chronologically, should follow the story of the Rechabites, Nebuchadnezzar's first assault upon Jerusalem was made in the fourth year of Jehoiakim's reign. The city was taken, and the king deposed and bound with chains—probably to grace the triumph of the conqueror on his return. This purpose was, however, abandoned, and Jehoiakim was reinstated as a vassal of Nebuchadnezzar. The sacred vessels of the sanctuary were carried away as trophies to the temple of Belus, and some of the noble youths of the vanquished city were selected, to be trained in Chaldean lore in the Chaldean capital. Among these were Daniel, and his three companions, Hananiah, Michael and Azariah. The policy of the conqueror seems to have been, first, to "hellenize" their names; as the speediest way of hellenizing their hearts. These names incorporated the name of God, and were therefore reminiscent of the faith in which they had been trained. Daniel meant "God my judge"; Hananiah, "grace of Jehovah"; Michael, "asked of God"; Azariah, "the Lord is my keeper." To break the force of these associations, the Babylonian king christened the captive youths as follows: He called Daniel, Belshazzar, or "the treasurer of the god Bel; Hananiah he called Shadrach, or "the messenger of the king; Michael he called Meshach, or "a devotee of the god Meshach; and Azariah he re-named Abednego, or "the servant of Nego." Secondly, it was the policy of Nebuchadnezzar to hellenize their appetites—to accustom them to debauchery and dissipation, and to drink and eat from the king's table, and previously "sanctified" by being offered at an idolatrous shrine; thirdly, to hellenize their minds, by training them as exclusively as possible in Chaldean learning and accomplishments.

THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

I. Introductory.

1. BABYLON. The scene of our lesson is in Babylon. This great city, when Daniel was carried to it, was just beginning to rise into the magnificence for which it was afterwards distinguished. Its greatest monarch, Nebuchadnezzar, returned from the siege of Jerusalem to ascend the throne left vacant by the death of his father; and during his reign of forty-three years he appears to have devoted his energies almost exclusively, and with remarkable success, to the ornamentation and improvement of his capital. Under the eye of the exiled prophet this great work went on, the grandeur of which has been transmitted to us in the specific accounts of Herodotus and Ctesias. He beheld the work of renovation, and watched the construction of that magnificent palace "which, with its triple enclosure, its hanging gardens, its plated pillars, and rich ornamentation of enamelled brick, caused it to be regarded in ancient times as one of the seven wonders of the world." An idea of the extent of the work performed by Nebuchadnezzar in the building of the city may be gained from the enormous ruins which remain, concerning which a writer has said, "nine-tenths of the bricks *in situ* are stamped with his name."

"The city formed a vast square divided diagonally, and almost equally, by the Euphrates. Each side of the square was about fourteen miles long. The double walls were said to have been about three hundred feet high and eighty-five feet thick. The walls were strengthened by two hundred and fifty towers, and pierced with a hundred gates, the towers and side walls, as well as the gates themselves, being of brass. The palace was on both banks of the quays, which were like walls protected by thousands and gates. The two banks of the river were connected by a stone bridge, about a thousand yards in length, at each end of which stood a royal palace. The chief was that on the east, a fortress in itself, surrounded by triple walls, of which the outer had a circuit of seven miles, the middle four and a half, and the inner one and a half miles; the middle wall was three hundred feet high, and its towers four hundred and twenty feet high, and the inner one was higher still" (condensed from Dr. Smith).

2. DANIEL THE PROPHET. Nothing is known of his parentage or early history. He was evidently of noble, and possibly royal, descent. His mind was deeply imbued in his youth with the principles of the Hebrew faith, and it is difficult to account for the habits of piety which distinguished him all through his career, except on the supposition of a religious nurture in his childhood. That he was conspicuous for personal grace and accomplishments, is evident from the conditions laid down (see verse 4) as the basis for determining which youths should be admitted to the royal favor. He is supposed to have been about sixteen or seventeen years old, when he was carried to Babylon. Here three years were devoted to studies under Chaldean teachers, and then he was brought before the king. The principal events of his life will be unfolded in the following lessons.

3. THE BOOK OF DANIEL contains twelve chapters, and, like that of Ezra, is written partly in Hebrew and partly in Aramaic or Chaldean. About one half of it is historical, and the other half apocalyptic. Though containing "a special prophetic element of the highest value," and classed among prophetic writings by the Christian Church and the Eastern world at the present day, the Jews persistently refuse to recognize its prophetic character, and place it in the Hagiographa. In later times assaults upon its genuineness have been made, and some critics have pronounced it the work of an impostor who lived in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes. It is, however, as well attested as any Scriptural writing. Still, says Dr. Smith, "it brings the belief in miracle and prediction, in the divine power and foreknowledge as active among men, to a startling test, and, according to the character of this belief in the individual, must be his judgment upon the book."

II. The Righteous Decision.

It was the king's purpose to treat his

captives as royal protégés; to feed them with luxuries from his own table with a view to making them comely, well-favored, and, perhaps, satisfied with their lot and dependent on himself; and, further, to wean them from their old religious associations, and pave the way for their adoption of the Babylonian worship, by requiring them to use food previously offered in idol temples. Quite likely Nebuchadnezzar could not have comprehended fully the scope of these Hebrew children, even if they had been explained to him; but Daniel's trained conscience saw a violation in the plan, and he took his stand at once. What, he might ask him, he knew not, but he formed a resolve, deep and steadfast, to refuse the king's meat and wine, which, in his eyes, had become polluted by idolatrous association. Perhaps, too, he felt the movements of his prophetic call, and rightly thought that rigid abstinence would be the best preparation for the career opening before him. Then, further, there were doubtless living examples of unrestrained appetite, all around him—spectacles of gluttony and drunkenness; and the only way by which he could guard himself and his companions from falling into a similar license was to form a temperance society within the precincts of the royal palace.

The character of the man was shadowed in this initial resolve. It would have been easy to conform; easy to consider the matter as of trifling importance; easy to reconcile the conscience to circumstances; easy and pleasing to listen to the solicitations of appetite. On the other hand, to follow conscience involved great risks and great sacrifices. It compelled him to be singular and separate; it exposed him to many inconveniences, and to annoying criticisms; and it was fraught with great danger to himself and to those who had him in immediate charge, in case the news should reach the ears of the king. We cannot, of course, put ourselves fully in Daniel's place, but enough is apparent to show how true and genuine was his character, and how noble and self-sacrificing was his decision.

V. 1. *Purposed, etc.* Heart purposes control the life (Prov. 4: 23). *Portion*—see verse 5. *Prince of the eunuchs*—Ashpenaz; he had charge of the eunuchs, and was an officer of high influence, "corresponding to the Kizlar-Aga in the Turkish court to-day."

III. The Decision Tested.

Though ready to meet the consequences of his resolve—though ready for martyrdom, if necessary—Daniel did not take a defiant attitude. A certain grace and lowliness in his character had already won for him the "favor and tender love" of Ashpenaz, the prince of the eunuchs, and to him first an appeal was made. That wary officer knew too well the summary vengeance which an Oriental despot, like Nebuchadnezzar, would inflict on the slightest disobedience of his orders, and he felt sure that Daniel's plan for himself and his companions would soon reveal itself in "faces worse looking" than those of the other Hebrew children. He declined to listen to the proposal. Then Daniel turned to Melzar, or the *melzar* (butler or steward), and begged him to consent to a ten days' experiment of supplying them with only pulse and water in place of the king's dainties. In this quarter he was more successful. The term proposed would be long enough to determine the nourishing value of the simpler diet, and not too long to produce any very serious results in case the experiment failed. Melzar consented; and at the end of the time, by the blessing of God, the faces of Daniel and his friends "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh" than the faces of the other children who were supplied by the luxuries furnished from the king's table. This happy result, of course, removed every obstacle. From that time, Daniel and his three associates ate their frugal meals undisturbed and with a clear conscience.

V. 9. *God had brought, etc.* The qualities which made him lovable were God's endowment. Further, God may have softened the heart of this influential officer towards the young captive (see Isa. 10: 46). V. 10. *Four years*—the time was long enough to determine the nourishing value of the simpler diet, and not too long to produce any very serious results in case the experiment failed. Melzar consented; and at the end of the time, by the blessing of God, the faces of Daniel and his friends "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh" than the faces of the other children who were supplied by the luxuries furnished from the king's table. This happy result, of course, removed every obstacle. From that time, Daniel and his three associates ate their frugal meals undisturbed and with a clear conscience.

IV. The Decision Approved.

God, in turn, signally honored these four young men who had been so careful to honor Him. He had blessed them in their bodies; He also blessed them in their minds. They became eminent for culture and intelligence; and on Daniel, as formerly on Joseph under similar circumstances, God bestowed the gift of understanding "in all visions and dreams." This endowment was peculiarly appropriate and useful in the position in which he found himself placed, as he was, in competition with magicians and sorcerers and astrologers; and, being miraculous, it raised him far above their level, while, at the same time, it saved him from the temptation of resorting to their questionable methods of interpretation. "What we must not fail to notice," says Dr. Wm. Smith, "that law of God's providence by which, at every crisis of his people's history, He raised up for them a leader skilled in all the accomplishments of their adversaries: Abraham, the stately prince among the Arab sheikhs; Joseph, the diviner and statesman; Moses, the warrior and learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; Daniel, the most learned sage and faultless governor in the realm of Chaldeans. Well might South reply to the slippant objection that God has no need of our learning—"Much less has He need of our ignorance."

Illustrative Facts and Incidents.

1. Favor is often purchased at the price of conscience, character, and a lost soul. Daniel lost the king's

dainties, but retained his conscience, and gained the favor of the steward, the prince, the king, and of his God (Vinc).

2. Let it be kept in mind, that the virtue of Daniel and his friends was not exhausted in matters of diet, but that it shone brightly in their preference of any discomfort, any suffering, death in any form, to even the slightest appearance of compromise with sin (Rule).

3. If you cannot be faithful in the least, you cannot be faithful in much. I believe it to be a very important thought that there are no little things in morals, though there may be little things in matter. Thus we learn that events which seem to us trifling and unimportant may become the Marathon of a Christian's conflict, the turning point of an everlasting life or everlasting death (Cummings).

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

(For scholars between the ages of 13 and 18.)

1. How came Daniel and his companions to go to Babylon?
2. What kind of a city was Babylon? Where situated? How big was it? Who founded it? What did Nebuchadnezzar do for it?
3. What was Nebuchadnezzar's policy towards his Hebrew captives?
4. What stand did Daniel take, and why? Why did he not conform to existing customs and worship?
5. What do you understand by conscience?
6. What sacrifices were involved in Daniel's decision?
7. To what test did he subject himself, and with what result?
8. In what sense did God confer upon the Hebrew youths wisdom and understanding?

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

OUR MEXICAN STATIONS.

In his report to the missionary board, April 16, Dr. Dashiell sketched the rise and progress of our mission in Mexico, as follows:—

Cordova, our first station out of Vera Cruz, is a beautiful city in the midst of orange groves and coffee-fields, with a thrifty, industrious people. This place is fast becoming a sanitarium for the people living on the high table-land about the city of Mexico. Our work here is small, but will grow. It is connected with the Orizaba circuit.

Eighteen miles beyond is Orizaba, a quiet, old, fanatical city of 14,000 population. Here the shops of the railroad are located, and a few English people reside, who, now that better accommodations are provided, will give us a good English congregation. We have labored under great disadvantages in Orizaba. The only place for religious worship which could be secured, was a small chapel in the interior of the old convent, very dirty and uncomfortable, and utterly unfit for a place of Christian worship.

Fortunately we have in a good degree outlived the prejudices of the people and several pieces of property were offered to us. On the main street a commodious and comfortable house was offered at a reasonable rent, with the privilege of a perpetual lease.

Puebla holds the third place in point of population among the States of the Mexican republic. While not without mineral resources, its wealth is built upon the surer basis of its agricultural riches, which are scarcely equalled by those of any other section, and also of unparalleled activity in manufactures. To the latter bear witness seventeen cotton mills, several glass factories, very numerous flour mills, established in or near the State capital, the city of Puebla. The State embraces a large number of prosperous towns, easily accessible from this its commercial, political, and religious center.

The work of this circuit promises to extend its influence in a great measure among the Indian villages of this portion of Mexico. From La Puebla del Monte, we have in our school two boarding pupils. These two boys God is preparing for the work. In Los Reyes the native Indians are building their own school and church, expecting us soon to carry the bread of life. San Juan and San Salvador are making straight paths for the Lord. And this is but the beginning. The hope of this nation lies in the education and Christianization of this indigenous population. They manifest the greatest readiness to receive the Gospel, and the promptest disposition to self-help. At the time of the disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church, there were eighty churches and convents here. In fact, it has been said by those who were posted in the affairs of the Romish Church, that there were more ecclesiastical buildings in Puebla at the time referred to, than in Rome. Bishop Haven was fortunate enough to secure by purchase a part of the old Inquisition building. It was a good selection; certainly well-adapted to our uses. Our school and orphanage-school and parsonage are all well accommodated in this building. Perhaps nowhere was the opposition to us so violent and murderous as in Puebla. Now we have so far lived this by down, that the governor of the State has entered his sons as scholars in our day school.

Pacheca is the capital of the southern silver region. The population is about nine thousand. It is thirty-two miles from the railroad. We have a good church property at this point, and several promising appointments on the Pacheca circuit. Real del Monte, seven miles out, is a mining town of 4,000 inhabitants. Omilteme, six miles further, and Chietot, are anxious to receive the Gospel.

Guasajuata has a population of 65,000. It is our extreme northern station, three hundred miles from the capital. Between lies the fertile valley of the Behe-

with its numerous and crowded cities, constituting the very heart of Mexico in population and opportunities for usefulness. Perhaps nowhere in Mexico has the change in public sentiment in our favor been so marked as here. Only two years since we entered this city, and every possible indignity was offered to our members! On two occasions infuriated mobs of several thousands of people surrounded our houses, and attempted to force an entrance. Now we are protected, and our missionary and his family are not only unmolested, but are receiving many kind attentions. We regard Guasajuata as one of the great centers which must be sustained by the society, if we mean to succeed in Mexico.

City of Mexico. The Church has great reason to be thankful to God for the wise selection by Bishop Haven of the site for our great mission center and headquarters in the capital. It is located on Calle de Santa, a street which runs between the two great business thoroughfares of the city. It is a part of the old convent of San Francisco.

Miraflores and Ameca Mecca are the chief appointments on the Miraflores circuit, which contains five other smaller appointments. At Miraflores we have a good property. The lot was donated by Mr. Robinson, a Scotch gentleman who owns a large cotton factory. Upon this lot the people have erected a neat chapel, the first Protestant church edifice built in Mexico. We have at Ameca Mecca, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, two appointments and two schools. There are a number of small Indian villages in the beautiful valley lying at the base of Popocatepetl and Ixtaytall, into which we are extending our work with encouraging signs of success. At the dedication of the Miraflores church, two-thirds of the congregation were Roman Catholics. They heard the Word gladly and thoughtfully, and almost without an exception, contributed to the collection.

The possibilities and opportunities of our mission are, first, ample protection. 2. They are weary of show and ceremony, and are ready for the spiritual presentation of truth, and for experimental religion. Their degradation is appalling. 3. No mission shows such a record. At every appointment we found a company of experimental Christians who had turned from the priesthood to Christ. 4. The condition of the people: Men infidel and indifferent; women with their trusting hearts still clinging to the altars of the Church of their childhood. 5. Public men tired of the domination of the Church; hailing with delight and intense satisfaction the organization of a Church which is loyal to the government, but asks no favor from it but protection; men who begin to feel that Mexico needs a free press, a free Church, a free Gospel. 6. One hundred cities and towns wait the coming of the Protestant Church. With the Word of God opened in any one of them, we could plant a mission.

TEMPERANCE.

MURPHY AND RUMSELLERS.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

I saw in the Herald of the 11th, an article with the above heading, in which it is stated that Murphy declared he "had no quarrel with the rum-sellers." Now, what does this necessarily imply? That he has no quarrel with evil-doers; that he is not, and cannot be moved by indignation at sight of any and every outrage against the innocent, the weak, the helpless and defenseless. It implies that he has no protest to make, no objection against "the gigantic crime of crimes," as Mr. Senator Morrill declared the liquor-traffic to be. John Wesley said: "Liquor-sellers are poisoners general; that is, that they are the chief destroyers of human life; but Murphy 'has no quarrel' with that. John Wesley said: 'They murder the people by wholesale, and drive them to hell like sheep; but Murphy has no quarrel with that. John Wesley said: 'Their gin is the blood of the people; but Murphy has no quarrel with that. John Wesley called them men of blood: 'Oh! ye men of blood, do ye think to hand down your possessions to your children's children? Nay, verily, the heavy hand of the Lord shall be upon you; but Murphy has no quarrel with them."

It is to the rum-sellers that is due the infinite amount of misery, wretchedness and ruin from which thousands of God's children suffer more than death—the poverty, pauperism, degradation, insanity and crime, so abundant in the country! What is their origin? What is the inevitable cause of all this supreme misery? The rum-shops! the rum-sellers! But Murphy has no quarrel with all that. I have only this to say, that the heart of any man, who is a man, must swell with burning indignation against the devilish source of this abounding wretchedness. Helpless and defenseless wives and children, abused, beaten, starved, body, mind and soul—by whom? By the rum-trade, the rum-sellers! Any man, who is a man, will have, must have, a quarrel to the death with that devilish trade; and to say that one has no quarrel with it, is to proclaim him a man of shallow understanding, selfish and heartless. Any man, who deserves the name of a man, must and will have a quarrel to the death with any instrumentality that produces such results of wretchedness and ruin to body and soul, that sends an infinite misery into thousands of homes, which, otherwise, would abound in comfort, happiness and domestic love.

Now, all this implies that Murphy has not only no quarrel with rum-sellers, but that he acquiesces quietly and willingly

in their trade; that he homologates it. Here, where Murphy is personally known, it is not of the smallest consequence what he says, but away from home it may be difficult. Here, he attempted "some logical thrusts at prohibition" and the law, when a plain man in the audience cried out: "Yes, but it was the law that dragged you out of your rum-shop and from your vile surroundings!"

It is not very modest in persons with no education and no culture but such as is obtained in rum-shops and among the denizens of such places, to set themselves up as teachers in morals, religion and law, and to lay down rules of conduct and of faith relating to the highest interests of society. Truly, converted men are meek, humble and distrustful of self, lowly seekers after the truth, and not obtrusive and self-seeking, especially if all their lives have been spent in a way hostile to the general welfare.

Portland, April 15.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—Superior, \$1.50; 4000 extra, \$1.45; 2500, \$1.40; 1000, \$1.35; 500, \$1.30; 250, \$1.25; 100, \$1.20; 50, \$1.15; 25, \$1.10; 10, \$1.05; 5, \$1.00; 2, \$0.95; 1, \$0.90. Corn—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.75; 500 bushels, \$37.50; 1000, \$75.00; 2000, \$150.00; 4000, \$300.00. Oats—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.50; 500 bushels, \$25.00; 1000, \$50.00; 2000, \$100.00; 4000, \$200.00. Rye—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.60; 500 bushels, \$30.00; 1000, \$60.00; 2000, \$120.00; 4000, \$240.00. Barley—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.80; 500 bushels, \$40.00; 1000, \$80.00; 2000, \$160.00; 4000, \$320.00. Potatoes—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.40; 500 bushels, \$20.00; 1000, \$40.00; 2000, \$80.00; 4000, \$160.00. Apples—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.30; 500 bushels, \$15.00; 1000, \$30.00; 2000, \$60.00; 4000, \$120.00. Sugar—Powdered, 1000 lbs., \$10.00; 2000, \$20.00; 4000, \$40.00; 8000, \$80.00; 16000, \$160.00. Coffee—Java, 20 lbs., \$2.00; Mocha, 25 lbs., \$2.50. Tea—Japan, 20 lbs., \$2.00; Oolong, 25 lbs., \$2.50; Gunpowder, 30 lbs., \$3.00; Young Hyson, 35 lbs., \$3.50. Butter—Superior, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Eggs—Fresh, 1000, \$10.00; 2000, \$20.00; 4000, \$40.00; 8000, \$80.00; 16000, \$160.00. Lard—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Pork—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Beans—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Peas—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Lentils—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Chickens—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Turkeys—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Geese—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Ducks—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Poultry—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Fish—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Butter—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Eggs—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Lard—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. Pork—Mixed and Yellow, 100 lbs., \$10.00; 200, \$20.00; 400, \$40.00; 800, \$80.00; 1600, \$160.00. 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Erratum:—In the meeting of the Presiding Eldership, previous to the session of the N. E. Convention, the "several conferences" were written by our reporter as "one conference," in the first resolution.

All persons interested in the arrangements for the meeting of the Convention by sea and railroad for returning to the East Maine Conference, are invited to attend the East Maine Conference.

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The Family.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

BY META E. B. THORNE.

I leaned upon a mossy bank, a little maid of seven.
And gazed up through the tender blue into the vaulted heaven;
A wild bird sang, and blithely swung upon a bending spray—
Oh, exquisite the thoughts awakened by his entrancing lay!

The carving of the forest arches traced upon the sky
Seemed dim and far away as are the clouds that float and fly;
And upon those arches rung the matchless harmonies
Of wild-bird carol mingled with the cadence of the breeze;

While like the incense rising from the censer, I could feel
The sweet perfume of May-time blooms upon my senses steal;
My heart was thrilled and overfilled with ecstasy divine,
Till in the depth of heaven itself, seemed lost this soul of mine.

The rapture grew as still I gazed into the deep-blue sky;
The longing stirred: "If, like a bird, a winged bird was I,
Though small and weak, I still would seek that heaven far and blest,
Where far from sorrow, pain or woe, I'd find a precious rest."

I gaze no more through azure depths, to find my heaven there,
God knows, not I, where it may lie beyond these realms of air;
But this I know, while want and woe and sin on earth remain,
There's work to do, a work of love, and 'twill not be in vain.

For God will dwell with those who do the work which He has given,
And where He reigns, in spite of pains or sorrows, still is heaven;
Whatever betide, we may abide in Him, and understand
On earth is heaven, if we are "in the hol- low of His hand."

THE PIOUS HEDGER FROM NESTLETON MAGNA.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESLEY.

Nestleton Magna. A Story of Yorkshire Methodism. By Quintus Quares. Thus reads the title-page of a well-told tale of Methodist trials and triumphs, which bears the imprint of Elliot Stock, 61 Paternoster Row, London. The story first appeared as a serial in the *Methodist* newspaper, and well deserves the immortality which is more certainly insured by the form in which it comes to us, over the sea. The modest doubts of the author, as to the literary quality of his venture, need not have prompted him to conceal his identity beneath so unassuming a pseudonym as he has chosen; for it is not often that fact and fiction are more skillfully blended, or that the touch of genius is more unmistakably manifested than in the portrayal of the characters which he causes to pass before us, and of the scenes, tragic and tender, through which he leads us.

Nestleton Magna purports to be a charming village in the East Riding of the county of York, nestling in a rich setting of rural scenery not often excelled in beauty and fertility outside the native domain of England's sovereign. Nearly the entire village, with many farms around, and half the neighboring town of Kesterton, were included in the estate of Squire Fuller of Waverdale Park, whose title had descended from those feudal days when the proprietor exercised almost sovereign authority over the occupants of his lands. An equally important fact these annals is, that the "Kesterton circuit" embraced in its ecclesiastical arms the village of Nestleton; and that its preachers exercised godly watch-care over the two small "classes," which for years had been gradually diffusing the leaven of Scriptural piety through the families represented in them, and among their humble neighbors.

Preaching had first been introduced into Nestleton in response to the request of a farm laborer, who for more than forty years had been employed on one of Squire Fuller's farms, and who gladly opened his little cottage for divine worship. Soon this place became too strait for the numbers that attended, and the large kitchen of "farmer Houston" was placed at their disposal, and used as a place of worship until again the cry for "more room" was raised, and the need of a chapel was keenly felt. How this want was supplied—how simple faith conquered incredulity, and mastered every difficulty—is most admirably told by our author, but is too long a story to rehearse. But some of his pen portraits are too perfectly sketched to be hidden in a corner, and some of his scenes are so naturally quaint, tender and humorous, that I cannot forbear to reproduce them for the godly delectation of others.

"OAD ADAM OLLIVER."

The farm laborer above mentioned was chiefly employed in cutting and trimming the hedges on the Houston farm. His years and infirmities forbade prolonged and heavy labor, but such was the esteem in which he was held by his master, that his wages were continued, though he was allowed to work, or not, as it pleased him. The old man used to ride to and from his labor on a meek and mild old donkey, which reigned in the name of Balaam, and was never known to travel at any other pace than a slow jog-trot, or to carry any other rider than his master. The somersaults which had been perpetrated by Balaam upon sundry and particular venturesome bipeds, who had attempted to test the quality of his

saddle, were more amusing to the spectators than to the subjects of these unceremonious ejections. Adam was somewhat short in stature, thick-set in form and frame; his hair was short and grizzly, and his thick, iron-gray eyebrows overarched a pair of twinkling blue eyes, full of keen insight and kindly humor. His fustian coat and sun-browned features, were "weather-tanned," a duff-gray, and, like his own bending frame, were a good deal worse for wear. A pair of old corduroy nether garments, buttoned at the knees, with gaiters (leggings) of the same material, affording a peep at the warm, coarse-ribbed, blue worsted stockings underneath, with hob-nailed boots armed with heel and toe-plates, all helped to make up a very quaint and favorable picture of his class—a class common enough upon the Yorkshire farms.

Adam Olliver's speech was the very broadest Doric of the broadest dialect to be found amid all the phonetic phantasies of England. He was an honest, upright, intelligent Christian, and for years had been leader of one of the two small classes which composed the Methodist society of Nestleton. His odd humor, sound piety, and practical common-sense, were expressed in short, sharp, nuggety sentences, which hit the nail on the head with a thump that drove it home without the need of a second blow. His "odd woman," as he called his good wife Judith, had been the partner of his joys and sorrows for nearly forty years, and was still a buxom body for her age. His oldest son was farmer Houston's foreman. Pate, the second, was seeking his fortune in America, and his only daughter, Hannah, was under-house- maid at Waverdale Hall, and all repeatedly appeared in the story.

ADAM DEFENDS HIS ONLY WEAKNESS.

On the evening of a fine spring day, old Adam, having made Balaam snug and comfortable in a little thatched, half-tumble-down out-house which answered for a stable, and having dispatched his frugal evening meal, was seated on a small wooden bench outside his cottage door, enjoying the fragrance of some tobacco which Pete had sent him, using for that purpose a short, black pipe of small dimensions, strong flavor, and indefinite age. While thus engaged, his nearest neighbor, the village blacksmith, a self-made, intelligent, and popular local preacher, drew near for a little gossip.

"Hallo, Adam! so you are burning your idol again."

"Hey," said Adam, "you see he's like a good money idol of another sort. He takes a plaguey deal of 'manishin'. He's a regular salamander. He've been at it an' on for well nigh forty year, an' he's a teaf' un; but," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "he'll tak' good care 'at he ends it 'smook."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Natty, "I can't tell how it is, you enjoy it. It would soon do my business for me."

"Why, 'there's neea accountin' for 'teast,' as 't' oad woman said when she kissed 'er coo, bud ah reckon you've tried it, if 't' truth were 'knoan; an' y' see, it isn't ivverbody's—with another twinkle—" 'at ez ceather talents or perseverance to mak' a smooker. Like monny other clever things, it's nobbut some 'at ez 't' gift to deca 'em. There's Jim Rispin, noo; he's been serapin' away on a fiddle for a twelvemonth, an' when he's deca'n 'is best, he can nobbut make a grumplin' noise like a pig in a fit. Ah can't deca mitch, but ah can clip a hedge an' smook a pipe, an' 'that's better than bein' a Jack o' all trades an' maister o' neea."

Here the old man blew out a long cloud of curling smoke, and laying down his short pipe by his side, he gave a low chuckle of satisfaction at having come out triumphant from the attack of his doughty neighbor.

ADAM FLEADS FOR PEARCING.

Before Nestleton was entered on "the plan" as a preaching place, it was Adam's invariable custom, with two or three fellow-servants of Mr. Houston, to walk to Kesterton to the Sunday preaching. Anxious for the salvation of his neighbors, he determined to apply for preaching in his own neighborhood; and on one Sunday, after the quarterly tickets had been renewed by the superintendent minister, Adam plucked up courage to say—

"Ah wop [hope] you'll excuse me, sor, bud we're desparate fain to get y' ta' cum to Nestleton. Meonast o' folks is nowt bud a parcel o' heathens. There's neea spot for 'em to gain teea bud 't' chotch, an' 't' parson drones it out like a bumble bee; summat at neesaby can mak' beather head noy tay on, an' 't' Gospel niver gets preach'd frae y'ah year end to d' tother."

"Well, bud have you any place to preach in, Adam?" quoth the minister. "Is there anybody who will take us in?"

"Why, there's d' green," said Adam, "neesaby 't' molest uz there, unless it be 'oad gander, an' ah wop y' wessent 'hoon tayl at him. An' 't' mucky weather you can hae mah hoose. Ah've ax'd Judy, an' she sez 'at you can bey it an' welcome. It is 'at mitch ov a spot, bud it's as good as a labile fishin' boat; an' 'oor Saviour preached upo' that monny a t'ame. When will y' cum?"

Adam won the day, and, as before stated, services were commenced in his cottage and on Nestleton Green.

About the time that farmer Houston's large kitchen became too small for the crowds which thronged the preaching

place, a service was held, which was a fair sample of the means by which Methodism has proved so effective an agency in extending the kingdom of God in the rural sections of both the old and new countries. It was Sunday evening. The weather was warm, and through the open doors and windows floated out upon the still evening air the sweet strains of the opening hymn, as with warmth and energy it was rendered by a hundred voices:—

"Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like His?
Come, feel with me His blood applied;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."
"It crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood.
Pardon for all flows from His side,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

Nathan Blythe, the blacksmith, was the preacher for the occasion, and in the opening prayer, during which every knee was bent and every head bowed, he talked with God as one who was accustomed to familiar communion with Him. The sermon was founded on the text that stirred and baffled the Ethiopian eunuch: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened He not His mouth." And included the sable nobleman's inquiry, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this? Of himself, or of some other man?"

Of that "other man" Nathan spoke as one who knew Him. He placed the Atonement in a light so clear, and the love of the Atoner in a manner so impressive, that beating hearts and swimming eyes attested the power of the gospel message. In plain but powerful language the speaker urged his hearers to accept the proffered gift of God. The congregation joined in singing that stirring hymn:—

"All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you it is nothing that Jesus should die,
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His!"

Then "Brother Oliver" was called on to pray. His language was rude and rugged, as he poured out his soul to God; but as he proceeded, bearing with him the subtle power and sympathy of a praying people, the listener was moved to wonder and to awe, and felt, with Jacob, "Surely God is in this place." "Thoo knos, Lord," said Adam, "at we're all poor, helpless sinners, bud Thoo's a great Saviour, an' sum on uz ez felt 'Thi' poore to seave."

"Our Jesus te knos, an' te feel His blood flow,
It's life ivverlastin', it's heaven below;
Lord! There's them here to-neet 'at's strangers to d' blood 'at bowt 'ther pardon up o' d' tear. Thoo loves 'em; Thoo pities 'em; Thoo dees 'er 'em. Oppen 'ther hearts, Lord! Melt 'ther consciences, an' mak' 'em pray. 'Gode be marshall to me a sinner!' Seave 'em, Lord!—rich or poor, young or old. Pot 'd poor wandring sheep o' 'Thi' shoother, an' lead 'em inte d' foad o' 'Thi' infant love!"

[To be continued.]

"THE LORD IS OUR REFUGE."

"I see unto Thee to hide me."—Ps. cxlii, 1.
From sin's unwearied temptings,
From Satan's deadly lies,
From all the world's vain pleasures,
That charm my foolish eyes,
I flee to Thee to hide me,
Thy terror-stricken child;
Forgive me, I have sinned,
By wayside flowers beguiled.

The foes are drawing round me,
They throng on every side,
And trembling lest they stop me,
I flee to Thee to hide.

Not only from foes outward
Do I flee to Thee for shelter;
O save from self, my Father,
The deadliest foe of all,
That like a mighty mountain,
Towers over in my way;
O blessed "Rock," that's "higher,"
I flee to Thee to-day!

The way-side dust has blinded
My eyes, I cannot see;
But yet there is a Refuge,
And, blindly, there I flee.
O blessed, blessed Refuge,
How safe, how sure Thou art!
How perfect, how complete
Thy shelter from all harm.

Here, here, in peace and safety,
O make me to abide;
From all my foes and tempters
I flee to Thee to hide!
—London Christian.

"BETWEEN THE LIGHTSSES."

BY MISS C. B. LEROW.

"For 't's between the lightses that the robbers come in."

It was a remark made by the old washerwoman, who, having finished her day's work, put her head into the twilight of the sitting-room for her customary, "Good night to ye, and ye should be after seein' that the door is locked behind me, for 't's between the lightses that the robbers come in."

She was half a block away before the full meaning of the words came out. They had somehow a quaint sound when uttered, but the absorbed brain did not readily interpret them. With the revelation of the meaning came a sudden laugh, then a sudden sigh. Poor old Mrs. Riley! No, not poor, for all her poverty, her patched calico dress, rheumatic back, her drunken husband and sick son, her wash days, each one a week long, for she lived in the "true Light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world." For her there was no "between," and no chance "for the robbers to come in."

For the miserable woman in the dreary sitting-room there seemed to be nothing else. For her "the sun was darkened, and the moon did not give her light." In the past had gone down, in sudden shipwreck, hope and happiness. The future was a black and

shoreless sea, ready to engulf any craft launched upon its waters. In the present—"between the lightses," the one which had gone out forever, the other which might never arise,—came in "the robbers," robbers of faith, hope and charity; of peace, trust and contentment; of patience, courage and long-suffering; precious booty which no efforts of detectives could ever find, no years of life could ever restore.

HOW SHALL WE MAKE THE ROSES GROW?

BY MISS MARY E. DUSTIN.

How shall we make the roses grow
On the grave that was made so long ago?
What shall we do that they may bloom
In beauty and fragrance around her tomb?
How shall we shield them from summer's heat,
From winds that blow, and storms that beat?

How shall we save them through winter's cold,
When nature's hands are rude and bold?
What shall we do on this April day,
That beauty may come to this mound in May?

Again to this grave, this sixteenth spring,
Another budding rose we'll bring.
Plant it so deep that summer's heat,
Nor winter's cold, nor storm, nor sleet,
Can reach the tender rootslet down,
Which bring up beauty from earth-mold brown.

Break off the dead branches of last year's bloom,
Make for the tender young shoots room.
Leave nothing to mar the work of May,
When she comes to crown this mound in May.

How shall we make the good still grow
That lived in that life so long ago?
How shall we make the memory bloom
Of the soul whose casket lies in this tomb?
How shall we keep from the frost of years
The soles of our feet from April tears?

How shall we save from withering blight
The harvest of hope, slow growing white?
Still to this grave on every spring,
Some fresh new offering of love we'll bring;
Break off the dead remnants of yesterday's deeds,
Make room just to-morrow's growing needs;

Dig down to the rock of faith below,
Whence the springs of her fruitful life did flow;
Then our words and works through all the year,
Of the rushing by of the years so fleet,
Will be fragrant still with the morning dew
Of that mother-love so warm and true.

Thus can we make the roses grow,
In spite of winter's cold and snow;
Thus will the flowers be fresh and fair
Through all the sultry summer air;
No rose so sweet as a kindly deed,
No soil so rich as another's need.

If we do somewhat as she would do,
On her grave the roses will never be few,
For her heart, like hers, for the world make room,
There'll be beauty and fragrance around her tomb.

ONLY A GIRL.

BY BLUE-BELL.

Far away in heathen lands, where
Women are looked upon as inferior
slaves, it is considered a great misfortune to be "only a girl."

But here in our glorious America, where Christianity and gospel light has placed woman in her proper sphere, and where a true woman is respected and honored, it is not generally considered a lamentable thing; yet many a beautiful girl sadly sighs, as she exclaims, "If I were only a man, what great good I would do! But, oh dear, I am only a girl!"

Poor thing, we pity you—a heart burning with the desire to do good, yet held back by the overwhelming fact that you are only a girl! Why, do you not know that your power for doing good is unlimited? You can exert an influence which neither man nor woman can use. Your impulsive ways, your tender, loving heart, the strength and purity of budding womanhood, all invest you with power, which the ruler of a nation well might covet.

What can you do? I cannot tell you the half. But come with me to this little country village. We will leave its busy air, and wander through this quiet, shady road. It leads us to the silent city of the dead. Tall monuments gleam through the green trees as we approach, and this white marble names the grave of one who was only a girl. Now read the beautiful inscription: "She always made home happy."

You start! You had not thought of this before. Look back and see if you have made your home happy. Have you been a comfort to father and mother? Have you been kind and patient with the little brothers or sisters? They have come to you for help in their small troubles (so great to them), and for assistance in some wonderful undertaking. Have you always done your best for them?

And there is your "big brother Fred," the generous-hearted, manly boy. You are proud of him, and love him dearly, and I hope you have always influenced him in the right, by giving him your cordial friendship and encouragement. If he teases you when you are busy (boys are apt to do that, you know), I hope you never say, "Oh, don't, Fred! Do go away!" You cannot know but that when he leaves you thus, he seeks some "jolly" associate, who will not say, "Don't, Fred!" but, worse than that, may lead him down to perdition, when a sister's influence might

have saved him. If you look about, you will find plenty to do at home. If you never yet have been, begin now to be a ray of pure sunshine in your own home.

But you want a wider field of labor? Where are your associates? There is your "most confidential friend," a trusting, loving girl, who has been schoolmate and friend since childhood. You remember when you both began to serve the Master. How weak and timid she was! You know she had many trials to overcome which you had not. Did you encourage her on? Did you help her bear her burdens, which to your stronger nature were so slight? There was a work for you which you did not see. It may be done now.

Among your acquaintances are young men, and your friendship they seek. A true woman's friendship is a priceless treasure to a young man, and here a girl can reach one of the highest fields of usefulness. O girls! have you never seen your great responsibility in this direction? Have your thoughtless example ever caused a friend to do wrong? Have your presence lured them to the ball-room? Have you tolerated the use of tobacco—talked gossamer of the fine perfume of a costly Havana? Has your fair hand poured the sparkling wine for a friend? Ah, beware!

Who knows what sin lies at your door? You know of one young man who is naturally wild and reckless. Sorrow or disappointment sometimes drives him to the wine-cup. Many well-meaning persons say: "He seems advice, and is willfully reckless; let him go!" I wonder if that is best. Could you not help to save him?

Don't misunderstand me here. Many a poor girl has sacrificed her life in the romantic idea of "marrying a man to save him." Ten chances to one, he soon forgets his promises, and she drags out a miserable existence as a drunkard's wife. A girl has no right to do this, even if she were the only one to suffer the consequences. But you can be a man's friend without being even an associate. When others slight him, saying, "He is joined to his idols; let him alone!" you can kindly say to him, "Friend, there is hope for you yet. The most of your life is before you. Take courage, and, by the grace of God, break these fetters and be a man!" He may turn away indifferently, but in his heart he will thank God that there is one who has not cast him off; and those few words may eventually be the means of his salvation.

Perchance you have a friend who is trying to walk in the path of right, but whose weak, yielding nature is a constant discouragement to him. He is easily influenced, easily led astray. Never lose an opportunity of saying something which may urge him on to greater determination, and a higher station in his religious life.

And perhaps there may be another, dearer to you than friend or brother, and if you value your life's happiness, look well to your influence over him. If he is strong, talented, noble and generous, help him to consecrate all his powers to the service of God. A word or smile of approval from you is worth everything to him, and will inspire him to greater efforts of usefulness.

Ah, my girls, 'tis a grand and glorious work that God has given you to do! May you so labor, that not only one, but many may say: "She is only a girl, but—God bless her!—she saved me!"

FUN AND FACT.

Never confide a secret to your relatives; blood will tell.

Mr. Nettle was recently married to a Miss Thorn. That's what you might call "a prickly pair."

The cross on Golgotha will never save you unless you have a heart alone can make these words—*The Cherubic Pilgrim*.

One hour of eternity, one moment with the Lord, will make us utterly forget a life-time's desolation.—*Bonar*.

"Now, Johnny," said grandma, "I want you to sit still as a mouse." "Mouses don't sit still, grandma."

"Give me a theme," the little poet cried, "and I will do my part."

"It is not a theme you need," the world replied, "so much as a heart."

"The Old Cabaret."—*Scribner*, for May.

An old lady, when she heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, observed that "she knew well who the party was."

When does a man become a "burnt-out candle?" When he's a versifier.—*New York Commercial*.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through soiling years.—*Euclid*.

"Who?" said Mr. Peter Mitchell, a member of the Canadian House of Commons, to the members who were by interruption to choke him off, "who brayed there?" It was an echo, retorted a member amid a yell of delight.

I am so fanatic, I hope, as to Sunday; but I look about over the map of popular freedom in the world, and it does not seem to me accidental that Switzerland, Scotland, England, and the United States, the countries which best observe Sunday, constitute almost the entire map of safe popular government.—*Joseph Cook*.

Lord, I have lain
Barren too long, and faint
I would redeem the time that I may be
Fruitful to Thee;
Fruitful in holiness, faith, obedience,
God I go hence.

That when I come
At harvest to be reaped, and brought home,
My soul in thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy, and bliss
Eternal is.

OBEDIENT.—*Misses*, "Mary, bud, that parcel of stationery arrived yet from the store?" *Parlor Maid*: "No, ma'am. But I can send you a few sheets of my own note paper, if you don't care nothing about the stationery."

Dentist, to an old lady about buying some false teeth—"For matification, my dear madam, they can only be surpassed by nature herself." Old lady—"O laws, doctor! I don't care nothing about the matification! I can only chew with 'em."

To be truly righteous is to be truly saved, for sin and bliss must be where forgiveness of sin is.—*W. F. Besser*.

The three main elements in real benevolence are, to give cheerfully, without being importuned; liberally, according to ability; and sincerely, without a selfish motive.—*Hedinger*.

I know that my head is lying
Upon Thy heart, O God!
Yet the sound of my sore crying
Is blown abroad.

And since I know I am allowed
On the one unfailing breast,
Why is my life rough-blowed
And without rest?

It is, O God, that I feel not
Thy heart beat close to me;
And the hurt of mine own heart
Till this shall be!

In the course of a long discussion on *strata*, at the house of a learned professor, a Mr. B. asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied the professor. "I have heard of one," said Mr. B. "Impossible!" was the reply. "O, yes," said Mr. B., "it was a stratum gem!"

A German farmer disputed his tax bill. He said: "I pay the state tax, the county tax, and the school tax; but I pay no total tax. I got no total, and never had any."

At the weekly conference meeting, Rev. Dr. Blank was good deal pestered by a zealous brother, who was very much edified by his own exhortations; and it was often deemed necessary to "head him off," by calling on somebody else to speak or pray just as he was about to begin. On one occasion, as he rose to speak, the pastor seized him by the arm, and said: "Brother, you lead us in prayer!" The brother hesitated but a moment, and made answer: "I was about to offer a few remarks; but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer."

HEPATICA.

Brave, blue-eyed herald of the tardy spring,
Who, while thy lagged followers still sleep,
Courageously thy steadfast watch dost keep,
Glad tidings of thy first approach to bring,
I wonder thy sweet patience never fails.
Though wintry snows lie deep on field and hill,
And from the sea the bitter blast blows chill,
Thou art not weak doubt thy trusting heart assails.

Thou art not weak doubt thy trusting heart assails,
I marvel at thy subtle chemistry
Which can from the cold earth such faith distill.
And from gray skies such azure as doth fill
Thy gentle, untamed eyes. Oh, lesson me,
Sweet sage! Courage and hope I'd learn of thee.
And faith that falls not in adversity.
—*Appleton's Journal* for April.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

STRIKING BACK; OR, AUNT ELISIE'S STORY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

Jessie Godfrey is a sweet little girl, but like many other children I could mention, she doesn't always mind. She is very partial to her own way, and thinks she knows quite as much about some things as her mother; and Jessie is not six years old, I believe. Now, you know just as well as I do, that this is not an uncommon state of affairs with little folks, and that those who have the care of children are obliged to make them understand that they do not always know what is best for them.

One day Jessie and her sister Lulu had had a foolish little quarrel about a doll, and as both of them had been naughty, their mother was obliged to punish them; so she took away their toys, and would not allow them to play any more that day.

This hurt them more than anything she could have done, for they were very bright, active girls, and never so happy as when they were at play. In the afternoon of this dreadful day, aunt Elsie arrived to spend a week with them, and Mrs. Godfrey allowed the children to come out of their rooms and visit with her. Jessie couldn't bear that aunt Elsie should know how naughty she had been, but the dear little eyes were so red and swollen with crying, that it was impossible for her not to feel that something dreadful had happened. So she took Jessie in her lap, while curly-headed Lulu sat on a hassock at her feet. Lulu hadn't been quite so naughty as Jessie, so I suppose she didn't feel so badly. I heard afterwards that while Lulu was shut up in her room, she had dusted every article of furniture in it, picked up all her playthings, and arranged her bureau drawers in perfect order. On the contrary, Jessie had rolled all over her bed, kicking the clothes in every direction, and had actually stuck her little finger into the wall, and torn off a large piece of the elegant satin wall paper. Of course, you'll not wonder that Mrs. Godfrey kissed her daughter Lulu, and sent Jessie back to her solitary confinement.

But now aunt Elsie had come, and aunt Elsie was very fond of children. She loved and pitied them, for she remembered her own childhood, and how hard it was for her to be a good girl all the time.

"Tell me a story of when you were a little girl, aunt Elsie," sobbed Jessie. "Yes, please, auntie," said Lulu. "Did you ever strike back, aunt Elsie, when anybody struck you?"

For a moment aunt Elsie did not speak, and it is well, perhaps, that the children could not see her face; for she turned very pale, and her eyes filled with tears, and ran over on to Jessie's little flaxen head.

"I don't s'pose you're ever so naughty," put in Jessie as the lady did not answer.

"When I was about your age, Lulu," said aunt Elsie, as soon as she could command her voice, "I had a little sister just about as large as Jessie. She was a dear little girl, and generally very good-natured; but she was never strong, and sometimes had the most dreadful spasms. One pleasant morning in summer, Kate—that was her name—begged very hard to be allowed to spend a few hours with me in the woods not far from our house. She wasn't very well, and mother at first would not give her consent; but fearing that she might work herself into one of those terrible fits, at last concluded to let her go. Just at the edge of the woods, in some fine old trees, our father had hung as a swing, and Kate liked to swing better than anything else in the world. We had won mother's con-

sent to this little excursion by promising to be very careful in every way, and among other things, Kate had promised that she would keep very still, and would not tease to be swung, as mother thought the exercise bad for her.

"For an hour or more we got on quietly, and Kate seemed unusually happy and cunning, till at last she broke her promise by teasing to swing. I can almost hear her little voice now, as she cried, 'Easie! Easie! sing Tatie!' and when I would not do as she asked me, and refused to speak, then she commenced to cry as if her heart would break. I tried in vain to soothe her, and then I think she must have grown very angry, for before I knew what she was about, she had taken the board from the swing, and struck me a hard blow on the head."

"Oh!

THE WEEK.

Sitting Bull is inclined to a new crusade.

Mr. B. continues to improve in health.

Communism is gaining ground in Western cities.

The spirit of disorder has invaded Rutgers College.

Dr. Schlemmha is about to resume his explorations.

Wheat prospects in the West were never more promising.

Joshua M. Sears has given \$10,000 to the Boston Art Museum.

Nearly 500 saloon passengers sailed on Saturday for Europe from New York.

Henry Carey Baird of Philadelphia wants three billion of paper money issued.

Secretary of the Navy Thompson denies the rumor that he contemplates resigning.

About 120 persons were killed by a hurricane in Tahiti, Sandwich Islands, Feb. 7.

Among Gen. Grant's recent presents is a beautiful horse from the Sultan of Turkey.

A coal vein was brought to light by an earthquake on the Yellowstone river, on the 18th ult.

The Graduate are meeting with unexpected success in disposing of the new four-and-one-half per cents.

The bonanza kings have lowered their price, and the government is no longer compelled to buy the silver abroad.

The cotton strike in Lancashire, Eng., now includes nearly 100,000 operatives, of which about 65,000 are weavers.

President Anderson, of Rochester University, has returned from Florida and resumed his duties, with restored health.

The net result of proposed changes in taxation will be to diminish the revenue \$20,000,000, and make an income tax necessary.

Francis Murphy is arousing temperance zeal in New York. The churches in that city are uniting for specific temperance work.

Pope Leo XIII. has issued an encyclical, temperate in tone, but firm in its demand for the restoration of the civil power of the Church.

Memorial Day in the South was very generally celebrated on the 25th ult., the cornerstone of a new Confederate monument was laid at Macon, Ga.

The Erie Railway has been sold for \$5,000,000, committee representing the bondholders.

It is proposed to change the name of the "New York, Erie and Western Railway."

Capt. Burton, the African traveler, is reported to have brought twenty-five tons of gold, silver and other treasures from the land of Midian, east of the Red Sea.

Miss Frances E. Willard, and Mrs. Mary B. Willard, wife of the late Oliver A. Willard, editor of the Chicago Post, have assumed control of that paper as editor and publisher.

The Teutonic Savings Bank in New York was closed last week with a deficiency of \$148,000. There are 4,800 depositors, with claims aggregating \$879,000. "Rums" on several banks followed.

An unusual number of bankruptcies were reported last week. On one day six occurred in Covington, Ky., two in St. Louis, one with liabilities of \$288,000, in Chicago, and one with liabilities of \$300,000 in Indianapolis.

A tornado, of unusual extent and destructiveness, visited Iowa, Illinois, and Texas on the 24th and 25th ult. Three persons killed, thirty injured, nine houses blown down, and several damaged, are some of the items reported.

President and Mrs. Hayes, attended by Secretary Sherman, Schurz and Attorney General Devens went to Philadelphia last week at the invitation of the Union League Club, the Commercial Exchange, and other organizations, and were very hospitably entertained. Besides the public receptions, they visited all the prominent points of interest, including Fairmount, the Mifflin, the schools and manufacturing, and enjoyed a pleasant steamer trip along the river front.

The latest cry of "fraud" in the presidential election comes from Florida. One S. H. M'Linn, Secretary of State under Gov. Stearns, and L. G. Dennis have formally "conspired" that a sufficient number of names were fraudulently added to the returns in several districts after the voting had closed, to carry the State for Hayes. M'Linn's personal character is sharply criticized, and it is alleged that he was defeated for the justiceship of New Mexico on that charge alone. It is also stated that eleven indictments against Dennis for fraud were not proved after his made his confession.

The dismay excited by the Chaco defalcation in Fall River was considerably intensified last week by the disclosure that G. T. Hathaway, treasurer of the Border City and Sagamore mills in that city, had been guilty of a series of fraudulent transactions more extensive than those of Chaco, reaching up to about a million dollars. Examination of the books of the corporations involved, revealed at once a defalcation of \$500,000, with indications of much more. The mills have been closed, and the directors, with but one exception, are said to be financially ruined. Much of the outstanding paper is held in Lynn, Newburyport, Providence and other cities. Hathaway is said to have been an accomplice of Chaco. He declined an examination, and was sent to jail.

The Senate passed last week the Public-Printing Deficiency bill of \$200,000 and the bill extending the charter of the North Pacific railway, besides numerous bills of minor importance. In the House Gen. Butler's fractional currency scheme was defeated. The Post Office Appropriation bill was passed, and the Thirteenth Finding bill, on which the Senate spent six weeks of debate, scarcely opened an hour in its passage by the House. The bill to repeal the Bankrupt Act secured a vote of 200 in its favor. The most noticeable act of legislation was the mammoth River and Harbor bill, appropriating seven and a quarter millions, which passed the House, by a vote of 167 to 90. No debate or protest was allowed, and the bill is generally considered "a gigantic anomaly."

Hon. Wm. Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died of apoplexy in New York City on the 24th ult., at the age of 57. He was born in Allegheny county, N. Y., and in early life held successively the positions of teacher, printer, publisher, and collector of internal revenue. On the retirement of Gov. Boutwell from the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. Orton was selected to succeed him. In 1860 he took charge of the Western Union, and since that time has devoted himself, heart and soul, to telegraphy and to the consolidation

tion of the interests of the company over which he presided. He possessed a fine executive ability, and the present flourishing condition of the company is largely due to his sagacity and enterprise. Best of all, he was a consistent Christian gentleman, and at a recent public dinner in New York, is said to have defended with great vigor and clearness the Christian faith from the assaults of certain persons present. His early death was probably due to overwork.

The fruitless parleying over the Eastern question continues, with scarcely any prospect of a peaceful adjustment. The German attempt at mediation thus far seems nugatory. The little forces remain in their positions of dangerous proximity. The expected mutual withdrawal—of the Russians to Adrianople and of the English to Bosnia—has not been accomplished. The hoped-for Congress has not yet been arranged. True, the negotiations were somewhat delayed last week by the simultaneous illness of the two chancellors—Bismarck and Gortchakoff; but, meantime, each side strengthened its military position, and exhibited such a hostile intent, that further diplomacy seems to be hopeless. England has ordered her entire staff to be ready for immediate service, and is transporting naval troops from India to Malta. A collision seems to be imminent and inevitable.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A correspondent writes: "The Presiding Elder of Concord district was with the Manchester Churches April 21, and reports that the newly-appointed pastors, Brothers G. W. Norris and L. E. Gordon were cordially received by large and appreciative audiences. The relations of the pastors and of the churches are more than courteous; they are extremely cordial. This auspicious commencement is regarded as the sure prelude of a very prosperous year for St. Paul's and the Tabernacle. The old First Church rejoices in its good fortune. The return of Brother George C. Noyes' means business? of the right kind."

Gleanings.—Rev. L. E. Gordon, who this spring leaves Fisherville to take charge of the Tabernacle M. E. Church, Manchester, has had a very prosperous three years at the former place. There has been a good revival interest much of the time, and numerous additions have been made to the church. He leaves the society in an excellent state. A fine new pulpit set has recently been put into the place of worship, costing some \$70 or \$80, and new seats have taken the place of the old ones, making a great improvement. We trust to hear good reports of Mr. Gordon in his new and somewhat difficult field of labor.

Bishop Merrill spent Sunday, April 21st, in Concord, preaching to large congregations—in the A. M. at Baker Memorial, and in the evening at the First Church. His very strong and able sermons were warmly commended, and produced a most excellent impression.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Arley Plummer, of Londonderry, was celebrated April 15th. This worthy couple have long been pillars in the M. E. Church where they reside, and are held in the highest esteem. This occasion was one of much interest and enjoyment. Numerous friends from abroad and at home were present, and gifts of value were presented. The presentations were made by Hon. J. M. Usher, of Boston, and Rev. J. F. Spaulding, his pastor, responded gratefully for the recipients.

There are good indications of prosperity in the M. E. Church at Warren. The esteemed pastor, Rev. L. W. Prescott, returns for a third year of his work. Last year the society built a handsome new place of worship, which is a model of its kind. Its cost was \$400, and it is a marvel of cheapness. Just before Conference, a reunion of old pastors took place at Warren, which was an occasion of much interest. Among others, Revs. Tilton, Adams, and Howard were present.

The Heddin camp-meeting association last year entered suits against provision and liquor-sellers within two miles of the campground, which have lately been decided in favor of the association.

Rev. Chas. E. Harrington, formerly of Lancaster, was recently installed as pastor of the South Congregational Church of Concord. Prof. Barbour, of Yale College, preached the sermon, and Rev. E. H. Greeley, of Concord, offered the installation prayer.

The Franklin Street (Congregational) Church of Manchester is to be remodeled at a cost of \$12,000, and ex-Gov. Smyth proposes to donate to the society a chime of bells.

Bishop Niles has been chosen rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Concord, with an assistant.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Conference has come and gone. It is agreed, on all hands, that it was the most delightful session for many a year. Bishop Foster's first visit proved an inspiration to all that was "lively and of good report," and equally a check on the discourtesy, and many and boisterous which sometimes manifest themselves even at an Annual Conference. His address to the candidates for ordination was so grandly and blessedly good, that we forgive him for not telling us how, on the principles he laid down, there was ever a legitimate change in the Methodist country, or that there can ever be. His sermon on Sunday was just such a course as two hundred preachers ought to hear at Conference—full of thought, fire, and tenderness; a good kind of any minister to preach and any mortal to hear. Its influence will be felt till the next Conference, and longer.

The Bishop made some innovations, the most of which are improvements, especially that of telling the Conference the grounds on which he had made several appointments. But whether his committee on Conference Relations is an improvement, is doubted; for the mere reference of a man to that committee does him for the rest of his life, not on account of any business of the committee, but on account of the doubt which the reference of his case awakens of his continued usefulness in the ministry.

One pleasant feature of the Conference was the presence of representatives of the great interests of the Church—education, the press, Church Extension, and missions. Drs. Warren, Foss, Peirce, Dabill, McCab, Malleson, and Hunt were welcome advocates of the interests they brought to the attention of the Conference. Many of the younger members had never seen a missionary secretary before, and many of the older ones, since one has come, now have before them what they may live to see another.

The two practical questions before the Conference were the "arrangement of districts" and the formation of a Home Missionary Society. At last Providence Conference has only three districts, which means, we trust, at least a little of two good things—a relief of the burden of support of the "suffrage bishop," and a better salary of the incumbents of this high office. It is to be hoped that while the district stewards seek relief

from the Church as they represent, they will see to it that the office is not degraded by an inadequate and paltry salary. The success of the home mission movement depends on the liberality of the Churches. Nothing of this kind succeeds without moving, and a good deal of it. The vote to discontinue collections for the N. E. Education Society, and to give the money raised for educational work to the N. E. Education Society, taken without discussion, on account of "the lateness of the hour," is to be regretted, that charged to important should not be considered by the whole Conference as well as by a single committee.

The absence of Dr. Patten and Brother A. T. Russell, on account of ill health, occasioned deep regret, as did the retirement of Brother W. T. Harlow from effective service. The Conference also regrets the exhaustion and ill health of Brother S. T. Patterson, who feels compelled to rest for a season.

The presbytery and laymen, under the lead of Bishop Foster, lifted Western Church out of its embarrassments by a subscription of over \$600, taken just before the adjournment of the Conference. Its indefatigable pastor, Brother Clark, has no obstacles now to great success, and this noble society promises much for the future.

EDUCATIONAL.

The American Government has expended for freedmen's schools \$3,711,255.47.

The Bible has been introduced into the public schools in Bengal, India.

The will of the late Rev. Dr. Sweetser, of Worcester, gives \$1,000 to the trustees of Phillips Academy to establish a scholarship fund to defray the expenses of a student in the theological seminary.

The study of the German language is to be retained in the St. Louis schools.

The Ohio Teachers' Association will hold its annual meeting this year at Put-in-Bay, July 2, 3, and 4.

John Hopkins University has now 104 students. Fifty-four of these are graduates of other colleges; twenty-four are matriculated students, and the rest are special students.

Large committees of our ablest teachers after full examination have reported that the complete introduction of the metric weights and measures, now making so rapid progress in this country, would save a full year of the school-life of every child. In spite of all the efforts that are made in the case of popular education, illiteracy is increasing faster than our population. The year saved would be enough to turn the scale. In a country depending for the safety of its free institutions upon the education of the people, these facts are of the most serious importance. The gain in commerce is still greater, because of the extreme simplicity of all business computations in the international measures. Such being the case, every friend of education, economy, and progress, must have a strong interest in the efforts now meeting with so much success, to secure these advantages for our country. The educational society organized for this purpose is glad to send full information to those enough interested to send necessary postage. Explanations, tables, etc., free. Address, American Metric Bureau, Boston.

Ladies and gentlemen desiring successful treatment for superfluous hair, freckles, dandruff, baldness, etc., should call on, or address by mail, Madame Selmer, at 41 Winter Street, whom they can consult free of charge. Preserve your good looks, if possible, for many young persons owe their success in life to a timely application.

CRAPES AND LACES.—Attention of crapes and lace-wearing readers is called to the advertisement, in another column, of the New England Crapes and Lace Refining Company, of 41 Winter Street. By a new patent process, peculiarly their own, they are enabled to renovate, restore, remove and refinish the worst faded, spotted and soiled crapes and laces, making them in all respects equal to new; and their charges are very moderate. It may not be generally known to ladies living in the country that light goods, such as muslin, cotton, and lace, can be sent by mail at the trifling expense of one cent per ounce, and was refinished, returned by such conveyance.

SABBATH SCHOOLS wishing a delightful spot for a picnic, are requested to inspect the advantages of "Highland Lake Grove," Norfolk, Mass. Information and free tickets to the grove furnished to committee of inspection, by A. C. Kendall, Gen. Pass. Agent, 224 Federal St., Boston.

"A DROWNING MAN WILL CATCH AT A STRAW."

If he catch it, it will do him no good. Thousands of people who, having neglected colds and coughs, and who have become dangerous, will rush to almost every nostrum for relief. This is why so many experiments are tried by the sufferers. Go to your druggist, buy a bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF CAPSICUM, and use it with confidence. It will benefit at once, and ultimately cure. It is no straw, it is a cable well-ried; hold on to it, and be saved.

50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The successive administrations of the United States, from that of Washington down, are known in political history by the names of Tory, Federal, Whig, Anti-slavery, Free-soil, Democrat, and Republican. SLIPPERY ELK LOZENGE have but one name, and they belong to all parties, and like good Americans, go among them doing good, particularly during election campaigns and through the sittings of Congress. For sale by all Druggists.

Caswell & Co., cor. Washington and Winter St., Boston.

In our northern latitude, where sudden changes of temperature are so common, be sure and keep supplied with *Adamson's Balsam*. It tempers the climate, and wards off consumption. Price 35 cents.

THE CARPET STORE OF MR. J. E. LLOYD, 173 Washington Street, Boston, is one of those in which so close attention is paid to business, and so careful an oversight is had of its expenses, that its proprietor is enabled to sell goods as cheaply as any other establishment in the city. Mr. Lloyd is personally his own stock. His retail is low. Those who trade with him will realize a decided advantage from this. He makes a specialty of Oil Cloths in all widths, for which his store has great popularity. He also deals largely in Window Shades and Pictures. Persons desiring to find a store with a good assortment of all articles in his line, at low prices, can hardly do better than to give him a call.

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A Husband's Statement of the Great Suffering of His Wife.

HARVICH, MASS., Sept. 24, 1875.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir:—I feel it my duty to say a word in praise of VEGETINE, to which I have been indebted for my recovery. I had been suffering for several years, which I inherited from my parents. We have tried several physicians and a great many different kinds of medicine with no result. I was so much emaciated that we had almost despaired of her ever being any better. Hearing of the VEGETINE we resolved to try once more, and she came to me with the statement that she was improving in health ever since. From 104 pounds she had advanced to 135 pounds, having gained 31 pounds in seven months, and is now able to do about her work. In short, she is well. VEGETINE has been the means of saving her life, and that she cannot say too much in its praise. If it please you to make this statement you are at liberty to do so. She has taken fifteen bottles and is still using it, and I can safely recommend it as a great blood purifier.

Yours respectfully,
JOSEPH L. BUTLER.

The Wife's Statement.

HARVICH, MASS., Sept. 24, 1875.
MR. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir:—I feel it my duty to say a word about the VEGETINE. The physicians said I had so many complaints they did not know what to give me. They said I had a bad humor and I had the kidney complaint, my liver complaint, my heart was very weak, and I don't think there is any one who suffers more with the pain than I did. The physicians all said it was no use for me to take medicine, I could not live through the month of May. I truly think the VEGETINE has saved my life, and my neighbors say that the VEGETINE has really accomplished a wonderful cure in my case, and I tell every one whom I meet it is the best medicine in the world.

Yours, very respectfully,
MRS. J. L. BUTLER.

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MR. H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir:—I will most cheerfully say my testimony to the great number you have already received. I have been suffering for many years with VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise. For I was troubled over 30 years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such a coughing spell that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and VEGETINE has cured me, and I feel to thank God all the time that there is a good medicine as VEGETINE, and I also thank you for the best medicine for colds and weak-limbed feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines in the world.

MR. MAGNIN and Walnut St., Cambridge, Mass.

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VEGETINE is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quickens their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

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